

WOMAN: THE SPHINX.

By FRANK HUME.
AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF A KIDNAPING CASE," "A TRAITOR IN LONDON," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE STORY OF A LOST ROSE.

"Agnes and Lais one and the same person. Impossible!"

"It is talking to Arden in the sitting-room of the Pippin Inn. After Agnes had fallen down in a fit, the Orchard entertainment broke up in great confusion. None of the villagers knew who De la Tour was, or why the mere sight of him had produced so terrible an effect on that young girl's daughter. The name of 'Lais' which he had called out was unknown to them—they had not understood—as one from Sir Bernard downward understood and knew three men. Two of these—Anthony and Arden—led the infuriated Count back to the inn, and the third in the person of Dr. Ryland, attending to the transfusion of Agnes to the vicarage. The unhappy woman had been struck down by paralysis. Anthony went to the vicarage to learn this, and on being informed that she would remain in the same state throughout the night if not longer, he returned to the inn much agitated. Here in the sitting-room he found Arden."

"I have had an explanation with the Count," said Arden, "and he has gone to bed. We must have a talk. I suppose you know by this time that Lais and Agnes are one and the same."

"Agnes and Lais one and the same person. Impossible!"

"Unfortunately it is true, Sulway." "She has no twin sister?"

"No, she is an only child."

"Then she did not go from here to Whitechapel?"

"She did not. We called it Whitechapel to blind the people here, but it was really Paris she went to."

"Anthony groaned, and that evil Lais of Paris, the saint of Apple Tree Town."

"He paused, and took a turn up and down the room. "Why did you deceive me, Arden?"

"Deceive is a hard word, Sulway. What I did was done at the request of Agnes. The secret was not my own, so I was forced to keep it."

"For three years or more?"

"Non did you discover it?"

"Ah, that is a long story—sit down and I will relate all I know."

Anthony took a seat and mechanically lighted a cigar. Arden poured himself out a whisky and soda to moisten his throat, and having taken a deep draught of this he began his story, and a strange story it was, this tale of a woman, who for years had led a dual life, who was at once saint and sinner. Sulway listened with the deepest attention.

"As you know," said Arden, slowly, "I was a pupil of old Jerome, and have known Agnes all my life. She was always a beautiful girl, but not so religious as she was in later years, now so wicked either for the matter of that. We were playmates and great friends. At one time I was quite in love with her; but when I left for the University that call love was it was passed away. On my return here on a visit Agnes was 19 years of age. I found her still beautiful, but ill and nervous. She appeared to be in a state of distress, and I insisted that at my expense she should go to London and see a great doctor. She went up there, and saw him—"

"Well, and what then?" asked Anthony, as Arden paused.

"I think he told her the truth about herself."

"What is the truth?"

"Arden shook his head.

"I am a layman, I cannot tell you," he said, reluctantly. "If you want to know ask Dr. Ryland. The Jerome's so you know have an hereditary curse. In the old man it comes out in the form of drink. I believe the mother of Agnes had a tendency to suicide. With Agnes it shows itself in a form which you may have seen in her—she was not so much a drinker as her mother, but she was a nervous creature, and she tried to fortify herself with poison. It was then that she became the saint you know of. Sulway, I believe that wretched girl tried with all her heart and soul to lead a pure life, to tread her evil instincts under foot."

"She did not tell you the truth?"

"No, I found it out for myself by accident, as you will hear. But in spite of her religion and good works she grew very ill—was seized with fits of hysteria in which—no I cannot describe it—she behaved like a lunatic. She used to walk up and down her bedroom at night cursing her parents. At last she became terrified to remain at Apple Tree Town lest she might betray herself as the unfortunate creature she really was. It was then that she went to town—ostensibly to work amongst the poor of Whitechapel—in reality to give way for her craving for a devil life."

"Did her father know?"

"No, she never told him—a drunkard could not help her. If he had been a good man, a strong man, she might have spoken and have leaned upon his strength. As it was, poor creature, she had to battle alone. Think of your difficulties Sulway, and pity her."

"(God knows I do, from the bottom of my soul.)"

"Yet there are some—no not some—many Christians who would vilify her. But those who know no such of religion, so little of charity, are ignorant of the laws of heredity. The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children." They interpret that as meaning religious punishment, but the terrible punishment of inherited and thwarted nature. But this is a digression, let me continue. I went up to London and during the stay led a life there about which I will be as well not to speak. Then she met with Major Larry!"

"Oh," cried Anthony, with a movement of disgust. "Surely she had nothing to do with him."

"No, not in the way you fancy. The relation between her and Larry were purely business ones."

"The brute! Do you mean to say

that he plunged her deeper into the mire?"

"I mean to say that Larry is a remarkably good man of business," said Arden, drily. "Also a scamp; but on the whole I should not call him a brute. He gained the confidence of Agnes in some way, how I cannot tell you, perhaps it was in a burst of generosity that she told him the truth. However, he learned all about her, and how her step-mother, Nature, condemned her to be an outcast amongst women. She wished to get away from London, and go to Paris. You see she fancied Sir Bernard or Aunt Jael might see her in town, and get to know her as she really was. The poor creature clung to her life of respectability here and did not wish to sink into the mire altogether. Well Larry helped her in a very clever fashion."

"How did he manage it? What did he do?"

"He saw that the pretence of visiting Whitechapel would have to be kept up in order to make matters safe for Agnes here. Now the Major has a good wife, and a daughter who is a worker amongst the poor. She has an all-called sister Clara. Agnes took the personality of this sister, without the work. Here we thought she laboured as Sister Clara in the slums, and all letters sent to an address in Whitechapel reached Agnes."

"I know, I see. I inquired for Sister Clara there myself, thinking she was Agnes. The Reverend Mother said she believed it strange, I suppose she thought I was inquiring after Larry's sister."

"Of course. She does not know the real Agnes, who was never in Whitechapel in her life."

"But Larry's sister must have lent herself to the deception, since letters were sent on from Whitechapel to Lais."

"She did. How Larry arranged it I don't know, as his sister seems to be a good woman. However, he arranged it somehow, and under the name of Sister Clara, Agnes was enabled to pass a portion of the year in Paris as Lais."

"The Major launched her there?"

"He did. You know he is acquainted with all the rascals of Paris, rich and poor. He took her over and introduced her to a certain set. The beauty and cleverness of Agnes did the rest. In five years ago she burst upon Paris as the notorious Lais—that position as queen of the half-world she has kept ever since."

"Oh," said Anthony, after he had digested this intelligence. "Sir Bernard was right after all in his suspicions. Bibles and red hair do not go together."

"I was guess work on Sir Bernard's part," said Arden. "He had the reasonable grounds for suspecting the truth, but I daresay on occasions the devil of Lais peeped out of the saint of Agnes. A kind of female Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, eh?"

"Yes. It peeped out on one occasion," replied Anthony, thinking of the time when Harry Lee first played "Der Kaiser Reitet" in the Manor House parlour. "Well, Arden, how did you find out the terrible way. I was over in Paris, and one night at the Café Paté I met Lais. Then she was not furnished with the explanation of the twin sister. That was my invention."

"Yours?"

"Certainly. I recognised in Lais the playmate of my youth. She took me home and gave me a full explanation, recounting all I have told you. I noticed her profoundly and I vowed to keep her secret. The woman could not be cured, and had to obey the too powerful instincts of nature. If she had forced herself to deny those instincts or had been shut up to prevent herself indulging them, she would have gone mad. As I recognised this, I promised to be silent. When I met Agnes I talked to her as the Vicar's daughter, and no one ever suspected the truth."

"I wonder," said Anthony, after a pause, "that knowing her life you could let her be so friendly with Barbara."

"Arden winced. "I did not love Barbara until lately," he said. "All the same I always disliked seeing them together. But Agnes kept away from the child as much as possible, and only saw her and spoke to her when it was absolutely necessary. Besides, Sulway, do not look upon Agnes as so blameless. If she were a vicious woman, sinning from sheer love of vice, I would be the first to condemn her—though God knows we men have no right to speak. But she is not responsible for her actions and could not contaminate Barbara. But there will be no need to worry further about that. Agnes would do all that her secret will allow with her. Poor woman, poor lost, weary soul. I do not think God will punish her. He understands her struggles if we do not. She has had a terrible life."

"You invented the twin sister idea?"

"Yes, and you were the cause of it. When you came down here and fell in love with Agnes, she sent for me. She told me all about her life, and I saw there by Larry to see her as Lais, thinking her to be her sister. You understand all now. The rest is clear. She did her best to put a stop to your love for her sister—as you thought—for herself as she knew—as I know."

"Can the secret be kept?"

"Yes, I think so. I have arranged matters with De la Tour."

"How do you manage that. The creature is so jealous?"

"It is jealous no longer. I told him that Lais—he does not know her as Agnes, as we got him out of the barn too quick—that Lais is ill, that she has had a paralytic stroke, and will never rise again. It was on account of her illness, I said, that she left Paris with Ryland, her medical attendant. All De la Tour's love and jealousy vanished before this explanation. He adored a beautiful woman, he does not care for a possible corpse. I do not mean to be brutal, Sulway. In a word, he doesn't care two straws about seeing Lais again, so he will leave this place the first thing in the morning. I shall take him away to self over the hills and moors to the

nearest railway station so that Mrs. Jumps may learn nothing."

"What about the house of Lais in Paris?"

"It is left to me to turn into money and devote the proceeds to founding a mission in Whitechapel. Also Larry comes in for a legacy."

"How did De la Tour find out this place?"

"He discovered Ryland's hotel in London by means of a private detective. The doctor foolishly got some letters sent on here, so De la Tour followed. He arrived late at the Pippin Inn, was informed by Jumps that Dr. Ryland was at the dance and so burst into the Barn, where he saw Lais. It was most unfortunate. However, the harm is done, Agnes is dying, so the only thing can do is to save her memory by getting De la Tour out of Apple Tree Town."

"I suppose all that Agnes did as Lais in Paris was acting."

"It was. She accentuated her wickedness in order that you might not propose to her again. She was so much in love with you that she was afraid she might yield if you press your suit. Of course, marriage with her was out of the question. Had she accepted you I should have told you the truth, but I am glad to say that such an idea never entered her mind. The poor soul always looked upon herself as one cut off from humanity."

"Anthony sighed. "Arden, Arden, what a terrible story."

"Very terrible. But I daresay there are dozens such. If doctors had the making of the laws, this hereditary curse might be diminished, if not done away with altogether."

"Do you think Agnes will die?"

"She says she will," said Arden, fervently. "Oh, I know it sounds cruel to say so, but an arr Agnes herself will welcome death with joy. It will be a happy release for her, poor soul. But what about you, Sulway, now that you know the truth?"

"I shall see her again before she dies, and shall kiss her lips for the first and the last time. Then I must go out into the world and do the work she tells me is best."

"Whitechapel or politics?"

"The latter. Poor unhappy Agnes," mused Sulway, touched to his very soul with pity. "how tragic it all is. I came to Apple Tree Town for a comedy, wishing it to end in marriage. Instead I have played in a tragedy, which ends, as tragedies do, in death."

"Destiny is a grim playwright," said Arden. "Good-night."

He went to bed, and began to dream of Barbara the moment his head touched the pillow. He was sorry for Agnes, for Sulway, but love excluded the sorrows of others for his own joy. Besides his frotting would have done no good.

But Anthony, more nearly concerned in the tragedy, remained in the empty room for long hours thinking. He knew now—knew by instinct as it were—why Denham had objected to his visiting Apple Tree Town, why he had hinted at a mystery, and why he had said that Sulway himself might solve the mystery in Paris.

He knew that Agnes was Lais, that the screaming man, and the fancied that when he saw her, he would pierce through her disguise. I should have done so, but that I believed in the story of the twin sister. Anyone in my place would have been likewise deceived. Yes, Denham knew. I wonder how."

Months later he learned from the leaves of his lips how he had met with Lais in Paris, and like Arden, he had recognised Agnes Jerome. He was sorry for the woman, and had held his tongue. "But if you had proposed to marry her, Sulway, I should have spoken out."

"To what end," Sulway replied. "I would have taken her with all her sins, as my wife."

But, as yet, Anthony was unaware of Denham's knowledge. He sat in the gloom thinking of all that had taken place, and sorrowed for the dead woman, for dead she was. Then he retired, but not to sleep. Only at dawn did peace come to his troubled heart, sleep in his weary brain.

CHAPTER XXVI.

For the next week Anthony remained in Apple Tree Town. Agnes still lived on, and although her body was dead and inert her brain was crystal clear. Several times he wished to see her, but she refused steadily to admit him into her presence. For she knew by instinct, being unwilling to go until the end came. When she died he would depart; he would not stay, even for the funeral, for he could not bring himself to see that beautiful body committed to the mould. Also, he recalled their visit to the Café des Mortes at Paris, and shuddered to think that shortly the rest at Apple Tree Town played would be turned into painful earnest. It was all very terrible.

As arranged by Arden, the little Count departed early the next morning, and displayed no wish to stay. His love for Lais had died the moment he learned that she was not likely to live, and in the most callous manner he went away after a few conventional expressions of regret. Arden, however, breathed more freely after he went, as there was now no chance of the terrible secret of the dying woman being revealed.

Sir Bernard, indeed, did suspect something, but Arden, in a very ingenious manner, gave the same explanation to the old baronet as to his sister and Barbara. He stated that the stranger was one whom Agnes had nursed in London, and who she thought had died. His sudden resurrection—as it were—had so startled her that the paralytic shock had followed. The ladies believed this story, but Sir Bernard, who saw at a glance that De la Tour was not the kind of man who usually haunted Whitechapel, had his own opinion. However, he never suspected the truth, as he fancied the stranger was a lover of the vicar's daughter, and he chuckled over his clear-sightedness, and remarked to himself for the twentieth time that red hair and Bibles did not go together. Seeing that Arden was reticent up to a point, and aware that the secret, if there was one, had nothing to do with him, Sir Bernard never sought to probe the mystery.

For the week Anthony was left very much alone. Arden having done all he could to preserve the secret of Agnes, seemed disinclined to discuss the subject further. And, indeed, it was not a pleasant one to a young man in the first days of true love. To wander with Bo-peep, to talk of their future and build castles in the air, these things were more to the lover's taste than dwelling on the miserable

past of a dying woman. Ryland was nearly always in the sick room, as Anthony, with no companion, wandered about in a disconsolate fashion. Had he been a little-minded fellow, he might have been him envious, but he was too noble in his nature to grudge to others the good fortune he lacked himself.

There was no doubt that winter was coming on. There had even been a slight fall of snow to announce the approach of the cold season. The orchards were bare of fruit, the leaves, the barren boughs shivered in the keen blasts which whirled down the valley, and the sky took on the leaden-coloured aspect of bad weather. As by the wand of some malicious wizard the once smiling valley had been converted into a dreary waste. Anthony could hardly believe it was the same place. It seemed an immense change, and once bright, warm, beautiful, now, a dreary, sad, and dismal beyond expression. But for Agnes he would long since have gone away. Patiently he waited in the hope of seeing her, and one day, in the most unexpected fashion, his wish was gratified.

"Sulway," said Ryland one morning. "Come to the vicarage in an hour. Miss Jerome wishes you to visit her."

"Oh," cried Anthony, his worried face melting into a smile of love. "Shall I see her again?"

"No," replied the doctor coldly. "You will hear her speak, you may touch her hand, but you will never look upon her face again."

"How is that?"

"It is the last courtesy of a woman," rejoined Ryland, with cynicism. "Her beauty is gone, so she does not wish you to see the loss."

"Her beauty gone," repeated Sulway, half to himself.

"Completely. Gone never to return. The paralysis has twisted her face out of all recognition. Even if you saw it you would not recognise the beautiful Lais; but she does not mean you to see it. Well, will you come?"

"Of course I shall come. Do you think she is dying?"

"I am certain of it. She knows herself that a few days will see the end. Poor soul, she is glad, and I am also. I don't blame her, then," remarked Arden, noting the tone of pity in which Ryland spoke of the wretched woman.

"Blame her, no! No more than I blame the waves for rolling up to a certain point on the beach. Lais, as I may still call her, did but fulfil the law of her being. It was stronger to her than religion or morality. If she had died, as you thought Agnes Jerome was doing, she would have gone out of her mind. She was so close upon the devil of evil and the deep sea of insanity."

"And she chose the former?"

"No," replied Ryland decisively. "She did not choose it—it was forced upon her."

No more was said on the subject, and they lapsed into a silence which continued until they reached the vicarage. The door was opened by Jessica, her iron face worn with watching and haggard with tears. If the woman with the unsuitable name had loved anyone, it had been the poor girl who was now dying, and she felt keenly the tragic fate which had befallen her nursing. However, although she recognised Sulway, she did not even greet him, but in silence conducted him along a passage to the sick room. At the door Ryland halted.

"Go in by yourself," he whispered. "She wants to see you alone," and opening the door he pushed Anthony in and closed it again. The unfortunate lovers thus met for the last time. Anthony thought that he was already in the death chamber. On a sofa Agnes was lying on her back with inert hands crossed on her breast. She wore a long white dressing-gown, which, stretched to her feet, covered them, and fell to the ground in graceful, but rigid, folds, as though carved out of marble. So still, so motionless was the figure that Anthony might have been looking at a wax figure. And most terrible of all, the face was covered with a handkerchief, as though for the last rest. Sister Clara, Agnes, Lais, whatever name she had called her, no longer existed; she was dead, stretched out white and rigid, and veiled from the eye of the son. Not daring to speak, wondering if she were alive or dead, Anthony stood at the foot of the couch. The tears rolled silently down his face. He pressed his hands together and sighed. With the sigh came the voice of the dying.

"Anthony! Are you there?"

"Yes," he whispered, hardly recognising the weak faltering tones of that once noble contralto voice. "I am here by your side."

"I cannot see you! I shall never see you! But I can hear you speak. And that sigh—was that sigh for me?"

"It was for you. Oh! Agnes, my dear one—my beloved—"

"Hush! I am not a fit woman to be called by such tender names, Anthony. You know now what I am."

"A living man, and I—a dead woman. What have the living to do with the dead? Go. Let me open the door into the unknown—alone."

Anthony tried to speak. His voice died in his throat, strangled by the hysteria of grief. With a sound which meant nothing, which meant everything, he swung open the door and emerged into the living world. It was as though he were leaving a death-house, and as he closed the door of this tomb he heard a long, low wailing sigh. The living dead was alone—alone with God. For him the world of men: for her the judgment. But the Potter shapes the clay to His will. And who can arraign the purpose or the design of the Potter.

(To be continued.)

NEW STORY

By the Author of "Dr. Nikola."

In "THE PEOPLE" of Nov. 21 will be commenced a New and Original Romance, entitled

"MY STRANGEST CASE."

By GUY BOOTHBY.

author of the remarkable revelations of "Dr. Nikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," and other successful novels of the day.

STUCK OFF THE ROLLS.

Six solicitors were struck off the rolls this week for misappropriating clients' money. The names of men, with the amount of their defalcations, were given, are:—John Willis Shore, 168, Clapham-road, £4,743; Edmund Sheppard King, 17, Pinner-pave-ment, £1,200; Fred. Atkinson, of Hastings, £4,200; Alfred, of Westfield, of £9,000,000 per annum, a connection with this misappropriation could only have been got by continuous exertion, and the rapid loss of resources to the country character of business and customers alike. The firm had been in existence for 17 years, and claims to be the originator of the paper class of work, and the extent to which the misappropriation had been carried is proved by the fact that it is now pending at the rate of £5,000,000 per annum. A connection with this misappropriation could only have been got by continuous exertion, and the rapid loss of resources to the country character of business and customers alike. The firm had been in existence for 17 years, and claims to be the originator of the paper class of work, and the extent to which the misappropriation had been carried is proved by the fact that it is now pending at the rate of £5,000,000 per annum. A connection with this misappropriation could only have been got by continuous exertion, and the rapid loss of resources to the country character of business and customers alike. The firm had been in existence for 17 years, and claims to be the originator of the paper class of work, and the extent to which the misappropriation had been carried is proved by the fact that it is now pending at the rate of £5,000,000 per annum.

THE BOOKMAN.

The lapses of copyright in the lifetime of the children or grandchildren of an author is a gross injustice, but the public get the benefit, and that, let us hope, is some consolation to the family. Thackeray can now be had in any amount of cheap, lurid and otherwise. One of the best and cheapest editions is that issued by Messrs. Macmillan, with many of the author's original illustrations. Following "Vanity Fair," which we recently noticed, comes "Emend," and more or less in competition with Macmillan's come Ward and Lock, with their handsome cheap editions of famous non-copyright authors. This month's batch includes Thackeray's delightful "Pendennis," merry "Charles O'Malley," by that somewhat neglected author, Lewis, "The Three Musketeers," Scott's "Old Mortality," and Bulwer's great romance, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

The "Pantomime A. B. C." perpetuated by Roland Caroe and "pictured"—to quote the title page—by Jno. Hassall, will be published in a few days by Sands and Co. The illustrations in colour are clever examples of the well-known artist's work, and Mr. Caroe has fitted verses which hit off in nursery rhyme fashion the peculiarities of the pantomime world from A, the Author, to Z, where, luckily, as the author puts it, "the alphabet comes to an end."

Recently the question of "Waiting and Waiters" was discussed in these columns. "Serviette Folding" is not an unimportant detail of the business. We can highly commend a little manual by Fennell (Curwen, Johnson & Co., Ltd.), which gives some expert notions in this direction. The same firm has just published a clever, useful brochure on "Etiquette of To-day."

A pleasant, gassy book is "From Deal to South Africa," by Helen C. Black (F. White and Co.), good for a railway journey or an hour by the winter fire. It pays high tribute to Deal as a health resort, and contains several very readable stories and sketches. Mrs. Black is one of London's clever lady journalists.

"The Wonder Seeker," by Hy. J. Barker, M.A. (Partridge and Co.), is a stirring story for boys, whose favour the author has already won by his "Comic Side of School Life" and other clever tales. Yorkshire readers may feel an additional interest in the author's work when we tell them that Mr. Barker is the energetic and loyal hon. sec. of the Society of Yorkshiremen in London.

"Moonshine" makes a departure this week under its new proprietor, Mr. Don Mackenzie, and gives its readers an excellent coloured plate which, most appropriately, is a clever cartoon of the new Lord Mayor.

A KANGAROO CAT.

"Beatrice," a fine specimen of the feline tribe, had the misfortune to be born minus her forelegs. She has developed, in a kangaroo, a most extraordinary habit of jumping, her tail, which is inordinately thick and muscular, absolutely serving the same purpose as that of the Australian marsupial. The cat, an affectionate creature, has been examined by Dr. Kow, a well-known London surgeon.

A DOUBLE BIRTHDAY.

CITY AND KING—NOV. 8, 1901.

Here in the centre of Empire, enshrouded in mist, Veiled in the smoke and the darkness, where scarcely a ray Comes through the gloom to suggest the sun's light of the day, Little we know of the hill-tops the sun-light has kissed— Little we know of the sun as he goes on his way.

Centuries dawn, and, like comets, they vanish in glow Traversing over the regions of infinite space, Hurrying never, but even, eternal in pace, Fixed in the seams of ages that died long ago, Part of the universe, orderly, each in its place.

And as the centuries come, and like shadows depart, Birthdays recurring remind us of days that are dead— Days that have long from the pages of history fled, Only they live once again, treasured close Living eternal on earth, though their own lives are sped.

So 'tis to-day as our offering humbly we bring, Crowning the statues of those whom we gladly recall, Monarchs or councillors, strong on the throne or in hall, Whom we remember—or magistrates, sheriffs or king, City and Empire united—we think of them all.

Four the libations, and bring we our offering of wine, Joining the Empire of then to the Empire of now; London to-day, and the Rome when the conqueror's brow Bore in its pride just the coveted chaplet of bays, Even to-day, as of old, we can keep to this vow.

Vowed to the Empire, and City and King, Citizens still of the Empire, and proud of her might, Proud of her firmness to stand by the thing that is right— That is the vow that was taken by you and by me, That is the vow that we swear to adhere to tonight.

City and King—as we pass to the land of the shades, Following ever the changeless and Fate-chosen way, Let but the gods all the omens avert! as we pray, And may the perils that threaten for ever be stayed! Thus shall we with "Many happy returns of the day" MARGIE ST. MAUR.

Nov. 7, 1901.

IMPORTANT ADVICE.

CLEANSE the vitiated blood whenever you feel its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, and Sores; cleanse it when you feel it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul—your feelings will tell you when. Keep your blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

The World-Famed Blood Purifier and Restorer is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scarcy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous.

It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic pains, for it removes the CAUSE from the Blood and Bones.

Thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures have been received from all parts of the world. The following, for instance:—

RHEUMATISM.

Colour-merchant-instructor Jno. Howarth, Cheshire Regiment, Lymington, near Warrington, writes: "I suffered from rheumatism in my arms and legs for over five years. I also had bruised shin bone, through which I could rest only for a few minutes at a time. All sorts of remedies were applied, but none did any good for more than a few days. After a while I was recommended to try Clarke's Blood Mixture, which I did, and on taking the first bottle I felt relief. I therefore continued with this Excellent Medicine, and it effected a perfect cure. This was more than a year ago, and I am pleased to say I have not felt the least pain since—in fact, I am as good as healthy as ever I was in my life."

"Moreover, I told two friends of mine who were laid up with Rheumatism of my case, and they tried Clarke's Blood Mixture. They are tailors by trade, and in seven days they were at work again. They say this medicine cannot be too highly praised."

"May 13, 1899."

As Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, the Prescribers solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d. each, by Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, the Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

Ask for CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation.



A KANGAROO CAT.

OUR OMNIBUS.

THE CONDUCTOR.

Lord Rosebery is coming back into active politics. Mark Twain has just begun his political career. Lord Rosebery is an old Parliamentary hand. Mark Twain is a new one to the business world and to the business press. They are both patriots, and I wish them well. Mark goes for the enemy hammer and tongs. Lord Rosebery has to trim a little and conciliate the foe; for the enemy is within the party he is asked to lead. The enemy tries to hide its diminished head, but Lord Rosebery knows it, and will punch it one hopes out of date and shape.

So far as the Conductor is concerned all he asks from any Government is the maintenance of an honest, overmastering Fleet, and the nucleus of an Army equal to our necessities and backed by a wisely encouraged force of trained volunteers.

In domestic politics there is little between the parties to wrangle about, though one would like to see a bold and courageous revision of our fiscal policy with a view to the relief of British taxpayers and a certain, but not a very protective, toll on the foreigner, who at present has all the advantages of our open doors, while continually closing his own against us.

Happily Lord Rosebery has no such foe in office, or out of office to fight against as Mark Twain in that other land of "the brave and the free." Tammany is the beast he goes for, and Tammany is the synonym in New York for everything that is vile in public life, and one can well believe that its latest defeat in the election contest for Mayor, which really includes the chief civil officers of New York, the honourable philosopher's condemnation has had great weight.

There is no meaning in matters with Mark Twain. "We realise," he says in the "North American Review," a proof of which he read in public instead of making a speech. "We realise that Tammany's fundamental principle is monopoly—monopoly of office; monopoly of the public feed-trough; monopoly of the blackmail derivable from protected gambling halls; monopoly of prostitution before the protection of the country girls for the New York production market; and all that; monopoly all round. And the worst of it is this is horribly true and in evidence."

This vast political organisation has for years had the control of municipal New York; but at last the Empire city is awakening to the abomination in its midst. It is a worthy fight, and in Mark Twain civic honesty and police morality have a high-minded, brave, and patriotic champion. With success at the polls a vigorous and earnest administration will be installed, and the worst of it is that it is attacked at the next contest four years hence.

Compared with that of the new band in New York, Lord Rosebery has a mild temper. He has been only to bring his forces into complete patriotic line, upholders and defenders of the integrity of the Empire and the dignity and power of the Mother of Parliaments. That is all. He may attack the War Office as much as he pleases, he may bring in a bill for home rule, he may go for the extension of education, municipal reform and all the other social and domestic questions he can bring into a Liberal platform; but if he will get his party on their legs, free from the Irish conspiracy and the still more dangerous treachery of the pro-Boer element, he may count upon a hearty welcome to the arena of party politics at Westminster.

For wool or worse for wool I think—Mr. Brodick has fulfilled his pledge to take the control of the Government out of the hands of a managing board and give it over to the Commander-in-Chief. For the first time, I believe, in our history, anyhow for all practical purposes, the head of the Army is to be made responsible for the fighting efficiency of the King's forces.

This will tend to directness and uniformity of control, and is regarded by the most experienced of Army reformers as the one thing needed to bring the Service into efficient working order. The Commander-in-Chief will, of course, have the advantage of the counsel of his leading subordinates, while he will have such outside civil and military advice as he may seek. The strong man will be a law unto himself, and so much the better for the nation; but we must always be sure that we have the strong man at the head of affairs. A few years of wise and impartial promotion by the Commander-in-Chief will bring the strong, efficient, capable officer to the front, and give us in the future plenty of choice for the chief command.

PIPER PAN.

Shortly after Christmas the annual conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians will be held in London. A serious attempt will be made to introduce new orchestral music at some of the evening entertainments, and out of nearly 80 compositions offered for performance, the judges, Messrs. Hallford, Randegger, and Rissly, have selected seven. Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, a young musician whose works have already been heard at the Crystal Palace and Queen's Hall, contributes an orchestral "Ode to Victory"; a short piece for orchestra will be contributed by Mr. Wright, the accomplished pianoforte professor at Dulwich College; and, to prove conclusively that the contest was not confined to native composers, a violin work has been accepted from the pen of Herr Paul Steinhilber, born and educated at Leipzig, and now a violin teacher at the Guildhall School of Music.

The other four works to be performed are "A Fairy Overture," by Dr. Horner, of Nottingham, a prelude to an opera called "Constantine" by Mr. McAlpin, some "Symphony Variations" from Mr. Keyser, and an orchestral suite, entitled "The Children," from Mr. Rutland Boughton, of Aylesbury. The last named young musician was last year accepted for a student at the Royal College of Music, and it is said, owes his training there to the generosity of Lady Battersea, one of our greatest patronesses of music and art.

For the benefit of Westminster Hospital Sir Frederick Bridge has arranged some music of the 14th century as accompaniment to a recita-

tion of the "Death Scene of Henry IV." to be delivered in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey on Wednesday evening by Mrs. Bewick, a daughter of Dr. Dawson Turner, who was for many years physician of the hospital. The choral music will be sung by the Abbey choristers on Wednesday week, and Canon Duckworth will preside.

After a good many years of puzzling (and often amusement) audiences at the Popular Concerts will be glad to learn that the analytical programme books are to be completely revised and brought up to date by that learned musician, Mr. Joseph Bennett. The old analyses were written 40 odd years ago when the allusions to Schumann, Brahms, and other musicians were appropriate enough, but during recent years it has been rather startling to read such remarks, and many persons were unaware that the same analyses had done duty ever since they were first written.

I hear that Dr. William Cummings has in the press, and will shortly issue, a volume dealing with the words and history of "God Save the King." The frequent recurrence in print of the absurd fiction that the tune was derived from France will, it is hoped, be prevented by the advent of the forthcoming book. That the work will be full of interest goes without saying, considering that it emanates from the pen of that distinguished principal of the Guildhall School of Music, whose erudite musical knowledge is of world-wide fame.

The programmes of Mr. Robert Newman's Albert Hall concerts, to be given this month, are almost entirely devoted to excerpts from Wagner, two notable exceptions being Beethoven's Symphony in C minor and his symphony in C minor, which really includes the chief civil officers of New York, the honourable philosopher's condemnation has had great weight.

Mme. Cosima Wagner has settled the full programme of next year's Bayreuth Festival. The festival will be opened on July 22 with the "Flying Dutchman," of which five performances will be given. There will be seven representations of "Parsifal," and two cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." Mr. Schults Curatius, as usual, London agent for the professional and country markets for the New York production, and all that; monopoly all round. And the worst of it is this is horribly true and in evidence."

The Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia has sent a present of animals to our King consisting of a zebra, two lion cubs, and a cat, which have been deposited by His Majesty in the Zoo. When it was first known that a zebra was on its way home from Abyssinia it was hoped that it was another of the rare Grévy's zebra and that it would form a mate to the female of this species (the survivor of the pair sent by the Emperor to the late Queen) which is now in the Zoo. On its arrival it was found not to be a Grévy's zebra, but a variety of the Burchell's zebra, which at the present time is the best known and commonest of all the zebras.

Burchell's zebra is distributed over the whole of South Africa, and in some of the northern parts it is still to be met with in a wild state in considerable numbers, but owing to the influence of civilisation these numbers, like those of all the other large animals, are rapidly diminishing. It is generally supposed that zebras are unmanageable animals, but this is not the case, and in many of the South African colonies they are used as a beast of burden, and they have been found to submit fairly well to their training. It may be recollected by Walter Rothschild a few years ago used to drive a team of zebras in London. Burchell's zebra is subject to great variation in colouration and form of their stripes, and the animal recently arrived at the Zoo probably belongs to Grant's variety, of which no specimen has been received at that institution before.

At Messrs. Stevens's auction rooms last week another egg of the great auk was put up for sale and changed hands at the price of 240 guineas. On the same day some eggs from a Weymouth collection were catalogued, but, as they contained specimens which had been taken in the close time, a protest against their sale was sent to the auctioneer by the Bird Protection Society, and they were consequently not offered. In fairness, however, to the owner it should be stated that he was ignorant of the fact that the eggs in question were protected at the time he took them. It would seem, therefore, that the authorities of the county of Dorset are lax in their duties in making known the laws affecting the collection and sale of protected birds and their eggs. The prohibited eggs were those of the raven, and this bird and its eggs, if I mistake not, have been protected in the county since 1896.

The eagle which savagely attacked a man in one of the towers at the House of Parliament last week and was afterwards captured and subsequently sent to the Zoological Gardens. On arrival there it was identified not as an eagle, but a young goshawk. There is some excuse for the bird being taken for an eagle, for it was a female, and the female goshawk approaches in size and appearance very much like a young eagle. In all probability the individual in question was an escaped bird, as the species seldom visits the southern English counties in a wild state, although instances of its appearance in or near London have been recorded. When first captured it was very hungry and ravenously devoured what was offered to it.

The additions to the Zoological Society's menagerie during the week ending Nov. 5 include a Bauer's parakeet, a white-crowned mangabey, a Cape zebra, a Derbian zebra, an African sheep, a zebra, four young lions, a caracal, a black rat, a Hocheim monkey, a Simpa monkey, three Oryzomys, rat-kangaroos, five smooth-clawed frogs, a goshawk, an Indian antelope, a ruddy ichneumon, two bulbuls, and a white-throated capuchin.

The four lion cubs mentioned above are delightful little creatures and quite tame. Two of them have been

(as stated before) deposited by the King and the others by correspondents of the society. They belong to three different litters, two of them being apparently about three months old, one about five months, and one about twelve months. At the present time they are in the Apple House, where, until their arrival, Micky, the chimpanzee, held sway. The new tenants give great displeasure to Micky, which he shows by loudly screaming at the visitors who stop to admire them.

OLD IZAAK.

November is usually accounted the most dreary month in the calendar, and its proverbial fogs and easterly winds have already interfered with angling, both by sea and river. Few sea anglers have been out, and few fresh-water anglers have had sport that might have been expected. The fogs have made themselves felt throughout the Thames Angling Preservation Society's district, as indicated by their official reports.

Few fish have been caught during the week in the Thames, and scarcely any in the Lea. Several punts have been out in the tidal water between Teddington and Isleworth, and have had good bags of roach and dace. A 12lb. jack has been landed by a bank angler just above Teddington Weir, and big perch are reported having been seen in the Chertsey, where the old mill-race's patrons have taken six pike from Hampton Deep soiling from 4lb. to 7lb. each, and the venerable old fisherman says pike are plentiful in that part of the river. The water is low and bright.

From St. Ives, Hunts, I hear that fishing is at a standstill for the present, and little sport is likely there until the weeds rot more, and the weather changes. The event of the week has been the marriage of the eldest daughter of Mr. E. Collinson (the popular secretary of the local association) to the son of the late Mr. Collinson in the spacious club-room of the St. Ives anglers. Needless to say the happy couple have the hearty good wishes of troops of fishermen, "Old Izaak" among them.

Sea anglers are likely to muster strongly at the annual competition of the British Sea Anglers' Association to be held on Deal Pier, on Saturday and Sunday next, Nov. 16, 17. Unless there are 50 entries the Sunday medal will not be given. A silver medal will be given for the heaviest weight taken each day. One rod, and not more than three hooks are to be used, and no cod under 1lb. or other fish under 8oz. is to be received. The best competition takes place a week later.

Twenty-two clubs were well represented at the recent Central Association visit to the Bermudez Brothers at the Woolpack, Bermudez, Mr. S.E. and thanks to the efforts of Mr. G.H. Stephens and Mr. C. Piggett, the admirable programme was presented. Mr. W. Musgrave (Amicable Waltonians) made an excellent chairman, and Mr. Ben Brown (a host in himself) presided very ably at the piano. No better entertainment could be wished for.

The Epsom Angling Society, now a strong and influential body, announce a special evening at their commodious headquarters, the Spread Eagle Hotel, on Tuesday, Nov. 19, when "Old Izaak" gives a lantern lecture, entitled "From Liverpool-st. to Lowestoft, with notes by the way." Mr. F. W. Cole, their popular president, presides, supported by many leading members of the society and their friends.

"Can the sea be fished out" is a question ably dealt with by Mr. E. B. Marston in the current number of "The 19th Century." The question arises particularly after a study of the discoveries of Dr. Hjort, the famous Norwegian biologist, ought to satisfy all but unreasoning alarmists, whose voices anglers and others too often hear. That there is need for every protection to our nearest sea fishing quarters all will admit, but as Mr. Marston points out, it is not there alone that the fish live or are to be found. "It seems probable (says Mr. Marston) that in every second, every minute, and every day, more fish are produced in the sea than all humanity combined could devour in the same time." Sea anglers may breathe again.

Thanks to the Abingdon and District Angling Association some 250 rainbow trout, each 10in. to 12in. long, were turned into the lock pool at Abingdon a few days since, and the mayor very properly gave them a ceremonial send off. About a dozen have since been caught by the roach anglers, and carefully returned. The society have every reason to be congratulated, which it may be hoped will prove in every way successful. Mr. Walter Harding (hon. sec.) and the committee and others who aided in carrying out the arrangements, rightly marked the occasion by a supper and social evening at the Nag's Head.

A capital display of roach and dace was to be seen last week at the annual Picnic at Abingdon, the result of their punt match at Richmond. The members of the South London clubs were afterwards entertained with a splendid concert, when the prizes won in their recent competition at Wargrave were gracefully presented by Mr. W. J. Wade, who presided. Mr. W. S. Coster and the Brothers Cartwright materially contributed to the evening's enjoyment.

The fog prevented Mr. C. A. Medcalf (president) attending the Central Association meeting on Monday last, over which Mr. W. H. Elsmore efficiently presided. The Tunbridge Wells Angling Society, numbering nearly one hundred members, was accepted for enrolment, and other societies will doubtless follow. The Central's water at Pulborough was stated to be fishing well. Mr. Will Stone, of the Blackfriars, lately having one roach from their weighing 21lb. 8oz., and other anglers excellent roach and bream. A feeling vote of condolence with the family of the late Mr. W. R. Lawes was unanimously passed, and a letter of sympathy ordered to be sent to the United Brothers, of which he was so long a leading member. Reports in reference to the Thames Angling Association, which has been in the hands of the Society were handed in, and the customary votes closed the proceedings.

WILL WORKMAN.

Shakespeare said, "What's in a name?" but if he had lived till now, I fancy he would have come to the conclusion that there are very many things in this country that are nothing but names. Take for instance, Liberalism, Progression, Free Trade, Education, and a lot more, and there is nothing left. Until this personal payment of rates started, there were any amount of people labouring under the delusion that they did not have to pay for the education of their children; but now their eyes are opened, and they find that they have not only been paying for their own, if they have any, but for other people's if they have none of their own.

And in answer to several inquiries, it is the easiest thing in the world to tell by your rate-paper just how much you pay every week for school. The School Board rate is 1s. 2d. in the pound per year, so if, for instance, it states at the top of your demand note that your "rateable value" is £21, you will pay seven times 1s. 2d. per year, or exactly 3d. per week for schooling, whether you have a child to send or not.

And don't forget that it is the so-called "Progressive" party that has raised the rate to 1s. 2d. in the pound. The Elementary Education Act was passed 30 years ago under a solemn pledge that the School Board should never be more than a rate of 1s. 2d. in the pound, and it would never have been higher had it not been for the fact that the original electors carried out, namely, reading, writing, arithmetic, and drawing for boys, and reading, writing, arithmetic, and needlework for girls.

But it was when they introduced grammar, history, geography, elementary science, object lessons, and domestic economy into the lower standards, and algebra, Euclid, physics, book-keeping, botany, chemistry, French, German, hygiene, mechanics, mensuration, shorthand, physics, cookery and laundry, singing, recitations, and manual training in woodwork into the higher standards, that the rate began to go up, and it has since done so, and some of the Progressive members of the School Board seem to lie awake at night thinking how they can increase it.

One of them, last week, while advocating the teaching of Gaelic (Irish), said, "A great personage of the past had said, 'I address my King in English, I address the lady of my heart in French, and I address the God in Gaelic.' I shall do the same, and I shall say 'Tommy rot' like this, for they made no attempt at argument, that he and his friends wanted to introduce the Irish language as one of the subjects to be taught in the Board Schools at the expense of the ratepayers."

I see a Radical lecturer has been telling the people in Wales that the Government has gone broke, and is using the money in the Post Office Savings Bank to pay for the war, and a lot of them, believing this, have drawn out their money for fear they should lose it, and in some places it has caused quite a panic.

Now, all the Post Office Savings Banks and Trustee Banks place their money with the National Debt Commissioners, so that it is impossible for them to lose one penny, and the price of Government Consols does not affect them, as the National Debt Commissioners are bound to pay them back every penny they receive. Consols fall in value, but the National Debt Commissioners do not on the banks, so investors have nothing to fear.

THE ACTOR.

It is pleasant to read of the unquenchable enthusiasm of Mr. Charles Hawtrey in New York. His style is so essentially English, and moreover, so essentially Londonish, that it would not have been surprising had New Yorkers taken some little time to appreciate him. As it is, Mr. Hawtrey no sooner went and was seen than he was the subject of a great deal of talk. One only regretted that he was not seen in play more representative of our present-day West. "A Message from Mars" is an old-fashioned piece, saturated in the humour and sentiment of the school of Dickens, and without any dramatic interest whatever.

It will be hoped that Mr. Hawtrey will appear in America in some of the comedies with which his name is, in this country, so closely identified—"One Summer's Day" and "Lord and Lady Algy," for instance. It was in the former that he first exhibited his command of the pathetic, and in the latter that he showed it to be possible to make the state of inebriation a comedy without being vulgar. "The Man from Blankley's" is all very well in its way, but it does not give Mr. Hawtrey half the opportunities that could be desired. Meanwhile, I would beseech Mr. Hawtrey not to desert us for long.

"Will 'The Belle of New York' be able to resume at the Century the run of popularity and prosperity which it enjoyed at the Shaftesbury? I have never known a revival very greatly successful in London—perhaps because paying pieces are too often kept going till all interest in them has ceased. It is difficult to repeat a triumph. Verne's 'The Great Train Robbery' in the 'Bells' I should have more hopes of. As it is, it is quite possible that Miss Madge Lessing will 'catch on'—if she gets as far away as possible from Miss May's performance, creating the character anew."

It is announced that at Christmas Mr. Arthur Williams will complete forty years of service as an actor. Thirty of those years have been spent in London, and they have been fruitful in pleasure for the public. Mr. Williams is one of the most trustworthy of comedians. He can always be relied upon to make some thing, even much, on occasion, out of the poorest material. Look at his Lurcher in "Dorothy," for instance. As it came from the author's hand it was one of the poorest of parts, but Mr. Williams gradually developed it into one of the most amusing of comic-opera studies.

Talking of Christmas, it was always interesting to note the distribution of favourite players over the various pantomimes in town and country. Music-hall talent, of course, is much in request, but the "regular stage" also sends its players. The warblers of the Drury Lane show, regarded the principals, has long been known. At

the Coronet we shall see Miss Winifred Hale, Miss Hetty Dene, Mr. James Blakeley (of humorous father and humorous son), Mr. Pictor Roxborough, and Mr. Johnnie Schofield, a really droll comedian. At the Kensington Theatre will be Mr. J. J. Dallas and Miss Minnie Jelfs.

The Clapham Junction pantomime will employ the talent of Miss Marie Loftus and Mr. George Mudie to name no others. In the cast at the Kingston Theatre will be Miss Florence Scherbert and Miss Mabel Daniell (whom I last saw in comedy, I fancy). The provinces always take away from London some of the best of its entertainers. Thus, Miss Julie MacKay, Miss Mabel Love, and Mr. Leslie Holland, are all going to the Grand, Belfast, which will also have the services of Mr. Russell Wallcut and a son of the well-known "jester," and the latter an actress with a real sense of humour.

MR. WHEELER.

Sir Albert Rollit has again consented to formally open the Stanley Show, and to preside at the inaugural luncheon on Nov. 22. Sir Albert is an old hand at the function, and always contrives to make the inaugural address both witty and instructive. I understand that the Stanley will have a full exhibit of motor cars, notwithstanding the fact that a large number of the leading motor firms are precluded by arrangements with the Automobile Club from exhibiting at the Stanley Show. This agreement has not acted to the detriment of the Stanley, as the minor hall will be full of motor cars.

A gentleman sends me from Ringwood, Hampshire, a flint stone measuring 3in. in length and 2 1/2 in. in height as a specimen of the material of which roads are made in his district. Such conduct on the part of road surveyors is almost criminal, and it is unfair not only to the users of roads, but also to ratepayers. It is a well-known fact that road made of smaller stones wears much better than the road made of large-sized stones, and the ratepayers in districts where roads are made in this fashion should, for the protection of their own pockets, see that the road surveyor does his duty properly. Where they are in doubt as to the way in which to address him, and the arguments to adduce, I am sure that the Roads Improvement Association will be pleased to give every assistance.

There is a great improvement in this month's "N.C.U. Review," which is an interesting production. There is an article on "Winter Riding," which will amuse every person, as it is not only interesting but also instructive. The reports of the different centres are put into much more readable form, and there is a noticeable increase of advertisements, and altogether it looks as if the "Review" had taken a new lease of life.

"The Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette" for November contains some interesting comparative figures as to the membership strength. Last year the renewals amounted to nearly 44,000, and this year they dropped to just over 41,000. The new members last year amounted to 11,727, this year they fell to 9,756, so that the total membership for the year there is a diminution of over 5,000. Of course, this is rather a serious fall, but it is not nearly so bad as was anticipated, and it cannot be suggested that a club which in these bad times can command a membership of over 51,000 does not contain a great deal of vitality. I shall expect to see the figures greatly improved upon next year, as a little adversity always acts as a kind of spur upon the C.T.C.

The Manchester Corporation are seeking powers to regulate the traffic in their city and to prohibit certain vehicles altogether. It is not anticipated that they have in their minds the prohibition of cycles, but it might be so, and therefore it is satisfactory to know that the Cyclists' Touring Club have taken steps to oppose the application to Parliament. Whilst depreciating the giving of powers to local authorities to prohibit cycling traffic, for the reasons that we have seen before, these bodies misuse the powers entrusted to them, I cannot help thinking that cycles are somewhat out of place in crowded thoroughfares. Take the City of London, for instance. Is it conceivable to think that any great injustice would be done if cycling was forbidden within the red line, and between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. I do not think that it would be a general hardship, although it might be an individual one.

It seems almost incredible that persons can be found that still ride their cycles without brakes, but a case came under my notice the other day where a young fellow must have been felt for years, if not for ever, simply because he had no brake to his machine. I cannot possibly see what the objection is to having this most useful accessory fitted. The cost is nothing and the weight infinitesimal, and I almost feel inclined to say that I should like to see it obligatory upon every cyclist to carry a brake as much as a bell and a lamp.

The question of publicans supplying tea to cyclists is, like the poor, always with us, and a publican in the home counties writes to protest against my advising cyclists to ignore public houses when they want tea and says such advice is hard upon those who do cater for tea drinkers. It is so to a certain extent, but I cannot publish here a list of inns where cyclists are recommended to call, although they would not, I fear, take up very much space. Cyclists must find out for themselves where their presence is welcome, and pass the good news on from one to the other as they have done in the past.

MADAME.

The dazzling sunshine and mild weather we enjoyed during October almost succeeded in blinding us to the fact that winter was approaching, and to the necessity of providing suitable garments, but the last few days of real wintry weather have aroused those of us who have not yet purchased winter clothes into thinking that it is time to do so.

Some of the new season's dresses are made very plainly, and are quite devoid of the strappings and stichings with which we are so familiar. A really good Harris tweed (which, by the way, is remarkably warm) is one of the new Tiberians, if well-cut and smartly made, require no trim-

ming. On the other hand a serge, homespun, or plain fabrics are considerably improved by silk strappings and stichings.

The Ivy dress, a smart little costume for early winter wear, is shown in our illustration. It would look a very smart thing made up in one of the new frieze or cloths or tweeds with silk strappings and stichings. The bodice opens over a vest of silk, fastened by a row of tiny buttons. The revers of silk are a fine chiné or a chiné with a silk strapping around the bodice, and a row of buttons on the sleeves.



THE IVY DRESS.

A little friend of mine is having a new golden-brown serge costume, the skirt made perfectly tight fitting around the hips, and falling into graceful folds around the feet. Each seam is outlined with a narrow strapping of glacé silk, with a wider strapping up the back seam. The bodice, which is a Russian blouse, is made full and slightly pouching over the narrow belt. The round collar and revers are also of the brown glacé, and open over a tiny, closely tucked vest of cream bell-shaped, scalloped at the bottom with dainty under sleeves of the cream tucked silk. The blouse is fastened at the side with some beautiful antique buttons, which my fortunate little friend had given to her. As she is very practical, she has had the vest and undersleeves made detachable, so that she can vary the dress sometimes by wearing a vest and undersleeves of brown tucked silk.

To be worn with this dress is a large brown felt picture hat, with bias folds of brown velvet and Paisley panels around the crown, while a few feathers of rich yellow silk roses nestle at the back. It is a very simple but elegant cheap, and suits my young friend to perfection.

Brown in its many varied shades will be very popular again this season. It lends itself admirably as a background for so many different kinds of trimming and looks handsomer than almost any other colour when worn in conjunction with fur.

The bolero is still with us in the form of a modified Eton. It looks very smart and dainty made in velvet with collar and revers faced with white or cream satin, covered with lace applique and edged with fur. These Etons are worn double breasted or single, the former, however, appears to be the most popular.

There is an infinite variety of winter coats, both the short and the three-quarter length being popular. The short or medium height woman should choose a three-quarter length coat, as it always has a tendency to cut the length, and only looks well when worn by a tall slender woman.

Millinery still continues very flat and wide. Pretty touches of felt or folds of velvet in a contrasting colour draped around the edge with a handsome steel or paste buckle and two quills at the side. The round Spanish hat in felt with a big pom-pom at the side or two quills is very useful for ordinary everyday wear. Some really charming red hats are to be seen, but they are becoming only to a few.

The Daisy Dress is a charming little design for a child's overall. It could be made of fine serge or cashmere, and lined with a soft fur or broad trimmings. Another pretty trimming would be to work herring-bone stitch in coloured silk at the edge of the frill outlining the yoke and the one at the hem of the skirt. The full sleeves are revolved at the wrist, and could also be trimmed with herring-bone stitch. The dress has a square yoke back and front, on to which the full skirt is reeved or pleated.

Muffs are worn somewhat larger than last winter, and of a slightly different shape, the fashionable muff is somewhat like a barrel in outline. Silk and satin linings in various colours for muffs can now be obtained at a small cost from most of the leading drapers.

Never before has there been such an infinite variety of dainty accessories, without which no up-to-date woman's toilette can be deemed complete. Pearl and jewelled hat and dress pins, fancy enamel buttons and buckles, fancy combs and pins for the hair, pretty chaste bags to carry our handkerchiefs and purses are only a few of the little conceits which, though perfectly useless in themselves, make all the difference between a badly and well-dressed woman.

PATTERN ORDER FORM.

Send to "People's Office," mark envelope "Madame."

Measurements.		Measurements.	
Height.	Weight.	Height.	Weight.
1. Bust.	2. Waist.	3. Bust.	4. Waist.
5. Neck.	6. Arm.	7. Neck.	8. Arm.
9. Neck.	10. Arm.	11. Neck.	12. Arm.
13. Neck.	14. Arm.	15. Neck.	16. Arm.
17. Neck.	18. Arm.	19. Neck.	20. Arm.
21. Neck.	22. Arm.	23. Neck.	24. Arm.
25. Neck.	26. Arm.	27. Neck.	28. Arm.
29. Neck.	30. Arm.	31. Neck.	32. Arm.
33. Neck.	34. Arm.	35. Neck.	36. Arm.
37. Neck.	38. Arm.	39. Neck.	40. Arm.
41. Neck.	42. Arm.	43. Neck.	44. Arm.
45. Neck.	46. Arm.	47. Neck.	48. Arm.
49. Neck.	50. Arm.	51. Neck.	52. Arm.
53. Neck.	54. Arm.	55. Neck.	56. Arm.
57. Neck.	58. Arm.	59. Neck.	60. Arm.
61. Neck.	62. Arm.	63. Neck.	64. Arm.
65. Neck.	66. Arm.	67. Neck.	68. Arm.
69. Neck.	70. Arm.	71. Neck.	72. Arm.
73. Neck.	74. Arm.	75. Neck.	76. Arm.
77. Neck.	78. Arm.	79. Neck.	80. Arm.
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REMARKS:—Write in full, and send to "People's Office," mark envelope "Madame."

SUNDAY AT OXFORD.

THE CHAPEL, THE BENCH, AND THE NEWSAGENT.

The Oxford Bench of magistrates seem to us to have been as illogical as they were unduly severe in the case of Mr. Valters, a newsagent, charged with employing a boy under 12 to sell newspapers. Mr. and Mrs. Valters both swore the boy said he was 12, and he certainly looked it. The boy was fined 2s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. each on the newspapers on Sunday to the annoyance of the congregation of Pentecost, St. Chad's. Evidently under the impulse of a certain human sympathy with the poor little chap, the matter, in addressing him, said, "There is no reason why you should not sell papers in the streets, but there is a great reason why you should not employ people by persistent shouting. And find his employer, Mr. Valters, and costs, or a month's imprisonment! It seems that a Mr. Powell, who, we presume, represented the chapel congregation, had seized the boy in the street to take him to Parkson's Gardens, where the lad lived, to see if the culprit had not, and, naturally enough, hooted Mr. Powell. Mr. Valters was one of the crowd. Was this taken into account in the subsequently heavy fine of 25, and costs? If so, was it not stretching authority unduly? Mr. Valters clearly did not know that the lad was under 12, and he employs over 60 newsboys. We naturally concur in the condemnation of shouting in the streets, but the boy was Mr. Powell that he should employ transgressors? Mr. Valters has conducted a newsagency in Oxford for 20 years. If he was irritated into an excess on offensive to ears polite at witnessing the arrest of one of his boys by Mr. Powell, "dressed in a little brief authority," legal or otherwise (otherwise, we fancy), surely that should not have prejudiced him in the eyes of the Bench on an altogether independent charge. "Live and let live" is a good old motto.

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THE HOROS CASE.

FURTHER SENSATIONAL EVIDENCE.

After a lapse of three weeks, during which time Mr. Curtis Bennett has taken holiday, the Horos case was resumed at Marlborough this week, when Theodore Horos and Madame Horos were charged with conspiring to defraud certain girls by obtaining money and jewellery from them by false pretences. The Horoses, whose other name is Jackson, were founders of the Theosophical Unity and Purity League, with an amazing initiation ceremony which was observed in Governor and other parts of London. The Treasury has other charges against prisoners of the grossest offences under two sections of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. Prisoners stepped jauntily enough into the dock—Madame with her priestess's robe veiled by a light purple silk overall.

Laura Faulkner's witness. Madame having engaged in prayer, Laura Faulkner, who began three weeks ago her story of how she met the Horoses, continued her tale. She answered the male prisoner's advertisement for a wife and met him at No. 4, Duke-st., Charing Cross, when he told her that the religion of himself and Madame, the "Swami," or "Teacher," was the nation of Christ's life on earth. Miss Faulkner said that she was 19 last January. Early in their acquaintance she and Horos drove together from the house in Gloucester-terrace to Park-st. During the drive Horos asked her if she would let him visit her. She said, "No," "He said, 'No harm will come to you. I am going to be my little wife's friend.' I said to him, 'You have caused me great suffering.' Of course I struggled with him; but he took me so much by surprise. But I soon felt quite helpless and powerless. I woke up on the following morning feeling very 'heavy,' and with a very bad headache. Prisoner said that I was much more prone to faint."

"From Park-st. that night," continued the girl, "we went together to a theatre, and returned to Gloucester-terrace. He let himself in with a latchkey, and we went to room together. There he passed his fingers over my forehead repeatedly and then round to the back of my neck. It had the effect of a kind of dizzy, sleeping feeling on me. I fully believed that prisoner meant to marry me. While he was passing his hands over me he kept saying, 'you are my little wife now.' I said to him, 'I am not a wife.' Afterwards I said to him, 'You have caused me great suffering.' Of course I struggled with him; but he took me so much by surprise. But I soon felt quite helpless and powerless. I woke up on the following morning feeling very 'heavy,' and with a very bad headache. Prisoner said that I was much more prone to faint."

"A SPIRITUAL MURDER." Daisy Adams and I were just retiring when the male prisoner came in and kissed us. Then he left; but later on he came back. Daisy and I were laughing and talking over our old school days. He made a great fuss of Daisy. On the following night the same thing occurred, and he talked to Daisy on spiritual things. He said that he was a spiritualist, and that it was not for nothing that he was with us. He told us also that he was the Centre of the Divine Sphere. I asked him if he intended to marry me—legally, and he said, "No; it was against the Order. On the Tuesday night of the same week witness, the 'Swami,' Theo and Rose Adams all had a night at the theatre together."

EVIDENCE OF MADAME'S ARREST. On the next day (Wednesday), continued Laura Faulkner, I was passing through the hall, when two men came into the house. They met Madame, and one of them said, 'I arrest you, Madame, on a charge of theft.' Before she went off I saw her take something—square-shaped—off the table and give it to Rose Adams, saying, 'Take this quick, and put it into Vera Croisdale's room before it is missed.' She then took a black travelling bag, unlocked it, took out a jewel case, and took all her rings off. One ring I recognised as a ring that she had given to Daisy Adams, and which Daisy had lost. Then she took a purse from her bosom and counted out some gold. She said, 'This isn't enough; I must get some from the girls.' She asked me; but I said I hadn't any; all Theo had given me had been taken back. Then Madame went off with the men, and I saw her go. The next morning Madame came back from Bow-street, the charge against her having been dismissed. That afternoon there was a violent storm between Theo and the 'Swami,' and they eventually went away together. We saw them no more, and I heard on the following Friday that they had both been arrested."

CROSS-EXAMINED BY MADAME HOROS. "Madame cross-examined 'Where are you living now?' 'Wellington-st. Camden Town.' 'Where were you living before you got a certain telegram?' 'I don't want that address published,' answered the girl. 'Then I will tell the public,' roared Madame. She said; 'I was witness's father's address at Wandsworth. And I was doing nothing Laura Faulkner!' 'Waiting for this business to be over, so that I can earn my own living.' 'Why aren't you earning your living now?' 'Because you have brought me to public disgrace!' retorted the girl, with much spirit. 'Was it I who induced you to lie to me?' 'Yes, I have lied.' 'I don't know that I have lied.' 'Who's keeping you now?' 'The Government.' 'Ah!' cried Madame. 'The Treasury, I presume, is able to exchequer your bill! You answered an advertisement, signed 'David Aster,' for a wife! Yes; and I told you that I was 'staying with you!' 'You lied,' shouted Madame. 'Dr. Lloyd, divisional surgeon of police attached to the Tottenham Court-road Police Station, was called by the prosecution, and gave evidence concerning the girl Daisy Adams, who, three weeks ago, made statements on oath of Horos's treatment of her.' MADAME'S TESTIMONY. "Victor Knight, assistant to C. B. Vaughan, pawnbroker, of the Strand, produced a pledge-book containing the entry of a necklace, a locket, and a pair of ear-rings as pawned there on July 25, and signed for by 'Theodore Horos, Duke-st., Strand.' They were pledged for £15. On Sept. 6, a brooch was pledged in the name of 'Mr. Horos,' of Duke-st., Adelphi, for £10. These things were all identified by Vera Croisdale as her property. 'Mrs. Ellen Wiggs, landlady of a home in Durrant Gardens, Clapham, said two men, whom she afterwards knew as Mr. Bosanquet and Mr. Horos, en-

THE TURF.

By LARRY LYNN.

"Larry Lynn" cannot correspond with his readers, as he has no consideration whatever for them.

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THE WAR.

BENSON'S FIGHT.

A DESPERATE AFFAIR.

HOW THE GUNS WERE LOST.

BOER INHUMANITY.

From Lord Kitchener to the War Office:—

Pretoria, Nov. 3.—The wounded of the late Col. Benson's column were brought in this afternoon to Springs, and are being well cared for. The column itself is due at Brugspruit tomorrow. I have not yet received further details of the fight. The column which moved out from Standerton on Oct. 31 under Gen. Gilbert Hamilton, arrived at camp 7.30 on Nov. 1, after slight opposition.

FURTHER DETAILS.

From Lord Kitchener to the War Office:—

Pretoria, Nov. 4.—Following details of the engagement at Brakenlaage just received.

Column under Col. Benson left the camp just to the north of Bethel at dawn on Oct. 30, marching on Brugspruit.

A certain number of Boers were about, and were reported to be holding Brakenlaage, where they intended to camp. The weather was wet and stormy. The enemy were easily kept off during the march, and Brakenlaage was occupied at 10 a.m.

The rearguard, with two guns and a screen of the 2nd Scottish Horse, was stationed on a ridge, evidently within range of the camp.

An attack of Boers on one flank of the rearguard was driven off, and the screen of the 2nd Scottish Horse was being brought in, when the Boers circled around under cover of the rolling ground, and attacked the ridge on which the guns were placed, under cover of a violent storm of rain and hail at their backs.

This attack was unnoticed until the enemy had reached a position on the ridge within close range of the guns, whence they shot down the escort and gun horses.

Col. Benson and Col. Guinness were both shot at the guns.

Owing to a simultaneous attack on the camp substantial support was not sent to the position on the ridge.

The Boers were unable to remove the guns until our ambulance went out, when, under cover of them, the guns were taken away.

The enemy withdrew to long range, and maintained a desultory fire during Oct. 31, but made no further attack on the camp.

Boer losses undoubtedly heavy, but no correct estimate can yet be obtained. Commandant Opperman was killed, and Chris Botha wounded.

The Boers are reported to have behaved badly to our wounded.

I will report details later.

THE BOER LOSSES.

From Lord Kitchener to the War Office:—

Pretoria, Nov. 6.—In continuation of my telegram of 11 a.m. Nov. 4. As Benson's column was reaching its camping ground in very heavy rain, Boers, who had previously been held off, were reinforced by arrival of Louis Botha with some 600 men. These pressed rapidly forward to within close range of position held by Benson's rearguard. A very heavy fire was at once opened by Boers, men and horses, with Benson, who had remained with rearguard, were shot down in a few minutes. At the same time positions east and west of the camp were attacked. These attacks were driven off, and Boers were unable to make any further serious attempt on the camp.

Guns with rearguard were for some time between the two forces, neither being able to approach. When ambulances were sent out for the wounded, among whom was Benson, Boers removed the guns. They got nothing else.

We had no loss in transport, and not many horses.

Enemy's losses (information obtained from reliable sources) were 44 killed, among whom was Gen. Opperman and 100 wounded, among whom was Gen. Chris Botha.

HOW BENSON DIED.

BRAVERY OF THE BUFFS AND SCOTTS.

A telegram from the special correspondent of "The Standard" at Standerton fills in several gaps in the narrative of the fight with Col. Benson's column. It explains, for instance, why our rearguard guns came to be left on ground which neither party could occupy, and also shows Botha's plan of attack. The message says:—The force under Commandant-General Botha which attacked Col. Benson's column last week numbered about 1,000. They had been ordered of Ermelo, and comprised the Johannesburg, Pretoria, Carolina, Ermelo, Heidelberg, Standerton, and Bethel commands, together with another command, the name of which has not yet become known.

BOTHAS OBJECT.

Gen. Botha's object was to fall, with the whole weight of his command, upon one or other of the British columns that are operating independently within the Eastern Transvaal. Col. Benson was moving towards the Delagoa Bay Railway, and Commandant Opperman came across the line just as the column was halting at Grootpan, south of Brugspruit, and 60 miles north-west of Standerton. The British were in the act of forming camp, in the midst of a heavy thunderstorm, and with the rain lashing their faces, when Opperman dashed on the rearguard, composed of the Buffs (the 2nd East Kent), and the 2nd Scottish Horse, who were acting as escort to the convoy and the guns. The bulk of the column had, meanwhile, halted on a ridge, in order to prepare the camp, and the first onslaught took place two miles away from their position.

At the outbreak the Boers shot right and left from the saddle. The suddenness and fury of the attack naturally threw our ranks into considerable disorder, but the men quickly rallied, and returned the enemy's fire as best they could.

SOME GALLANTRY.

The officers made superhuman efforts to drive off the enemy, and exposed themselves with a devotion to which the casualty lists bear ample witness. The men of the 84th Battery stuck to their guns with equal gallantry, and two of their pieces sent one shot

THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

A LESSON FOR LITTLE JOHN BULL.



Baron von Edelsheim, in a pamphlet on "Oversea Operations," discusses Germany's prospects of success in a war with Great Britain. Selecting a favourable opportunity, such as the present, the Baron finds the capture of London quite a feasible project.—Latest from Berlin.

Copyright.] [Drawn Specially for "The People" by HARRY FURNISS.

smashing amongst the Boers. But the fighting was at too close quarters, and in a few minutes all of them were disabled. Col. Guinness was killed near the guns, and Col. Benson, who had galloped back at the first alarm, and ridden into the very thick of the fight, was mortally wounded. The surprise had been so complete, and the attack delivered with so much impetuosity, that the rearguard, which numbered about a couple of hundred men, could do very little in the way of resistance. Nearly all of them had been killed or wounded, and were lying thick around the guns, before reinforcements could come up from the main body. The remainder of the Boers then attacked the ridge and camp on the other side. The two guns had to be left where they were, in the open, neither party being able to carry them off. After a gallant fight at the ridge the enemy drew off, but kept up a desultory long range fire throughout the afternoon. When our ambulances went out to collect the wounded, the Boers came up and took away the guns under cover of the darkness.

KITCHENER'S BAG.

NARROW ESCAPE OF BOTHAS.

From Lord Kitchener to the War Office:—

Pretoria, Nov. 4.—Since Oct. 23, columns report 28 Boers killed, 11 wounded, 273 prisoners, 400 rifles, 2,500 rounds, also 200 rifles, 2,500 rounds, 150 horses, and 1,400 cattle. These numbers include all separately reported during the week, but none for the attack on Col. Benson's column on Oct. 30.

Gen. French reports on Nov. 3 that he is dealing with Fouché, Myburg, and Weesels, who with about 400 men, some of whom are unarmed, are between Barkly East and Rhodes. With this exception, the whole of the Colony is now clear East of the Western Railway.

There are one or two small parties of 20 or 30 wandering aimlessly about, and he is employing columns of men and guns to pursue them, as well as to burn huts and farms for dismounted Boers known to be hiding.

Vanderventer and Botha, with about 130 men, after continual pursuit for several days by the columns of Scott and Linton, crossed the line at the Victoria road, and were last reported near the Victoria road, and were last reported near the Victoria road, and were last reported near the Victoria road.

On the night of Oct. 31 they were headed by Caldwell, who had moved out from Marjestein, and who was in touch with them last night. Kavanagh is following up.

In the west, Copper and Wormald united at Compagnie's Drift, at Hoedspruit, and on Oct. 30, information reached them that Maritz was again moving south to the west of his position.

MISS HOBHOUSE DEPORTED.

"Miss Hobhouse, who was lately in S. Africa (says "The Daily News"), has been arrested there (it is presumed), and deported—that is to say, placed in a vessel now on its way from the Cape to this country. Her friends have received no further particulars of the event. She was, we believe, attended by one lady companion, who has been 'deported' with her. The Government had previously refused to allow her to visit the camps.

A FIELD-CORNET CAPTURED.

Three columns made a march of 18 miles on Tuesday, and early next morning engaged some Boers along the Rietstroom. Field-cornet Kroop

and five others of the enemy (says Reuter) were captured. Two Boers have surrendered at Winburg.

NEW CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

We are officially informed that Major-General Sir Ian Hamilton, Military Secretary Headquarters, proceeds at once to South Africa to assume the duties of Chief-of-the-Staff to the Commander-in-Chief. He will return to the War Office on completion of his duty there. He will be accompanied by Capt. V. R. Brooks, 9th Lancers, an Aide-de-Camp, and by Maj. W. R. N. Madocks, R.A., D.A.A.G.

REINFORCING DRAFTS.

A Dover telegram says further Cavalry drafts for South Africa have been ordered from the South-East District. All available men of the Reserve Squadron of the 5th and 7th Dragoon Guards and the 1st Royal Dragoons at Shorncliffe and Canterbury, will sail about the 23rd inst. An Aldershot telegram says it has been decided to send another battery of R.H.A. from England, and one from India to the Cape. It is understood that R. Battery at Aldershot will go. Another strong draft of the Royal Engineers at Aldershot, consisting of the men of the Balloon Section, Bridging Battalion, and Telegraph Battalion, has been ordered to be prepared forthwith for South Africa.

NEWSVENDORS AND COSTERS AT THE FRONT.

A private of the 5th Bn. Royal Fusiliers, writes us from the front saying that many newsvendors and costers are in his regiment rendering loyal service. He says that many of their soldierly qualities, and observes that though they may be treated with scant courtesy by police and public at home, in S. Africa they are fighting the country's battles, and the enemy have considerable respect for them, especially when it comes to hand to hand fighting.

INSOLENCE OF BOER PRISONERS.

Writer's correspondent at Bermuda writes that the insolence of the Boer prisoners towards the soldiers is unbearable. Corporal Hudson, Royal Warwick, was felled to the ground from behind while walking through the laager on a dark night. The corporal was taken to the military hospital in an unconscious condition. On another occasion a Boer prisoner, who was passing near a sentry of the Warwickshires, deliberately walked up to the soldier, stuck out his tongue, made faces at him, and spat upon him. The soldier ordered the prisoner to the impudent and ingratitude of the sick men, whom they watch very closely by way of precaution.

V.C. HERO.

The King has been pleased to confer the Victoria Cross upon Sergeant Alexander Young, of the Cape Police, whose gallant service is thus officially described: Towards the close of the action of Ruiter's Kraal, on Aug. 13, 1901, Sergeant Young, with a handful of men, rushed some copies which were being held by Commandant Erasmus and about 20 Boers. On reaching these copies the enemy were seen galloping back to another kopje held by the Boers. Sergeant Young then galloped on some 50 yards ahead of his party, and, closing with the enemy, shot one of them, and captured Commandant Erasmus, the latter firing at him three times at point blank.

MR. BRODRICK AND THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS.

At the Rochester Diocesan Conference on Wednesday the bishop of the diocese read a letter which he had received from Mr. Brodrick, Secretary of State for War, replying to a letter from his lordship asking if anything could be done to relieve the anxiety felt respecting the mortality in the Boer concentration camps. Mr. Brodrick wrote that for many months past the subject has received the most anxious attention of the Government. The commission of ladies appointed last July had visited the camps and had made many recommendations, which had been adopted where possible. Mr. Brodrick points out that much of the illness which has occurred in the camps is due to

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Ms. WILLIAM LAMBERT, Lambert's Stores, St. Mark's-road, Bush Hill Park, writes:—"You may remember that I wrote you some months ago about my daughter, who was at death's door and not expected to recover from convulsions of the brain, until we tried Phosferine, which pulled her round."

I am sending you this further letter to say that I am thankful she is now entirely restored to health, and can walk about properly. This we attribute entirely to Phosferine, after three doctors had failed. Another daughter is also taking it with the greatest benefit, and I cannot too thoroughly express my gratitude. You may, if you wish, publish this letter, as I am convinced there is no remedy on the market like Phosferine. It is marvellous."—Oct. 16th, 1901.

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